

5-1-1939

## UA99/6/2 BUWKY May

Bowling Green Business University

Follow this and additional works at: [http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc\\_ua\\_records](http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records)

---

### Recommended Citation

Bowling Green Business University, "UA99/6/2 BUWKY May" (1939). *WKU Archives Records*. Paper 110.  
[http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc\\_ua\\_records/110](http://digitalcommons.wku.edu/dlsc_ua_records/110)

This Magazine is brought to you for free and open access by TopSCHOLAR®. It has been accepted for inclusion in WKU Archives Records by an authorized administrator of TopSCHOLAR®. For more information, please contact [connie.foster@wku.edu](mailto:connie.foster@wku.edu).

# B U W K Y

## MONTHLY STUDENT HUMOR MAGAZINE

BOWLING GREEN (B)USINESS (U)NIVERSITY & (W)ESTERN (K)ENTUCK(Y) STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE  
WESTERN KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY

ARCHIVES



May, 1939

Vol. IV, No. IX

Whole No. XXXII

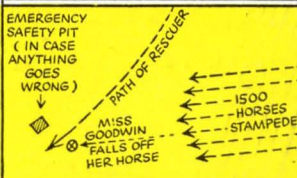




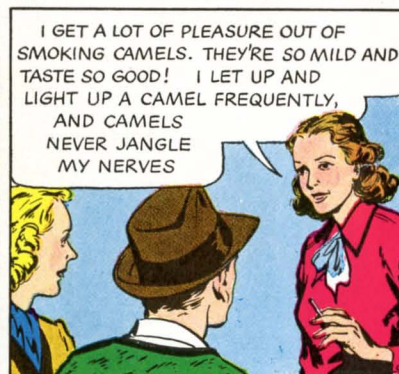
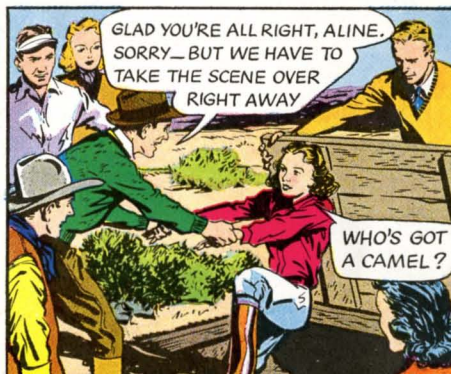
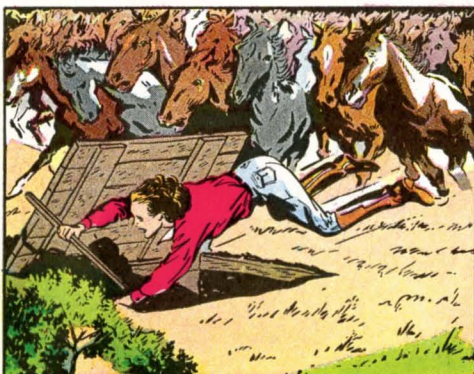
# A HOLLYWOOD STUNT GIRL deserves **REAL SMOKING PLEASURE!**

ALINE GOODWIN, OF THE MOVIES, WORKS HARDER THAN MOST MEN. SHE PRAISES A REST AND A CAMEL FOR FULL SMOKING ENJOYMENT

ALINE GOODWIN, ON LOCATION FOR A THRILLING ARIZONA "WESTERN," IS WAITING FOR HER BIG SCENE — A SPLIT-SECOND RESCUE FROM THE PATH OF 1500 FEAR-CRAZED HORSES



DYNAMITE IS EXPLODED IN THE CANYON TO STAMPEDE THE HUGE HERD OF HORSES OUT INTO THE PLAIN



"AFTER I ENJOYED MY SIXTH PACKAGE of Camels," says Fredrick West, master engraver, "I took them on for life. Camels taste better. They are so mild and mellow. They're gentle to my throat—which proves Camels are *extra* mild! My work requires intense concentration. So, through the day, I take time to let up—light up a Camel. Camels taste grand. I'd walk a mile for a Camel' too!"



## COSTLIER TOBACCOS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS ...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC



Copyright, 1939  
R. J. Reynolds  
Tobacco Company  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

SMOKE 6 PACKS OF CAMELS AND FIND OUT WHY THEY ARE THE **LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA**

# LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL!

SMOKERS FIND: CAMELS NEVER JANGLE THE NERVES



## DOG BITES MAN

A man who had been bitten by a dog found that his wounds didn't heal and consulted a doctor. The physician, alarmed by the appearance of the wound, had the dog caught and examined. The dog had rabies. As it was too late to give the man a serum, the doctor told him he would have to die of hydrophobia.

The poor man sat down at a desk and began writing. The physician sought to comfort him. "Perhaps it will not be so bad," he said. "You needn't make your will now."

"I'm not making my will," replied the man. "I'm writing out a list of people I'm going to bite."

Sign on Scotch golf course: Members will please refrain from picking up lost balls until after they have stopped rolling.

Of course, you've heard of the ravenous midshipman who was eating pig's knuckles and ate all the way up to his elbows before he discovered his mistake.

## A BUSINESS DAY

(As outlined by the secretary over the telephone)

A. M.

"He hasn't come in yet."

"I expect him in any minute."

"He just sent word in he'd be a little late."

"He's been in, but he went out again."

"He's gone to lunch."

P. M.

"I expect him in any minute."

"He hasn't come back yet. Can I take a message?"

"He's somewhere in the building. His hat is here."

"Yes, he was in, but he went out again."

"I don't know whether he'll be back or not."

"No, he's gone for the day."

"We are now passing the most famous brewery in Berlin," announced the guide.

"The hell we are," shouted the American tourist, as he hopped off the sight-seeing bus.

Statistics prove that locomotives are not afraid of automobiles.

A careful driver is one who can wear out a car without the assistance of a locomotive.

A woman once went on a hunger strike, and twenty Scotchmen proposed to her.

News Item—The bearded lady died leaving a wife and three children.

He: "I can't figure out why you always yell 'Stop' when I try to kiss you."

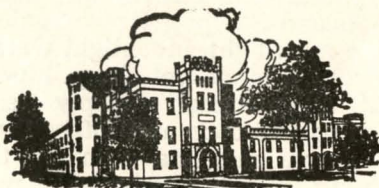
She: "And I can't figure out why you always stop."

Our girl is so modest she has to leave the room to change her mind.

She: "You're getting corpulent."

He: "Corpulent, hell! I'm a lieutenant already."

# BUWKY



A. E. STONE

Managing Editor

• • •

The Buwky is published each month (ten times) during the college year of interest of the students of the Bowling Green (B)usiness (U)niversity and (W)estern (K)entucky State Teachers College, Bowling Green, Kentucky. Editorial and advertising offices, 1027 State street, Bowling Green, Kentucky. All business communications and manuscripts, drawings, items, etc., should be sent to this address.

Foreign subscriptions one dollar and a half per year.

## THE LADY CENSOR RECEIVES A SUITOR

"Hester, darling! My soul is burning with a passion—"

"Better make that **stirred by a fondness**, George."

"All right; my soul is stirred by a fondness for you that is maddening! The very thought of you sends the fire shooting through my veins!"

"Change that to **affection shooting through my veins**."

"Very well, affection, then. And I long for things I never had before. I—"

"Now, George! It seems to me that sounds a bit suggestive. Hadn't you better say **I long for some evidence of your esteem?**"

"Just as you say. I long for some evidence of your esteem. I long to crush you in my arms."

"**Hold** is the word there."

"To hold you in my arms and print an impassioned kiss—"

"An **affectionate** kiss!"

"Well, Hester, just as you say, but do I get the **kiss?**"

"Of course you do, George, but **not** on the neck and be **sure** you cut it down to fifteen seconds **this** time!"

## MEN ONLY READ THIS

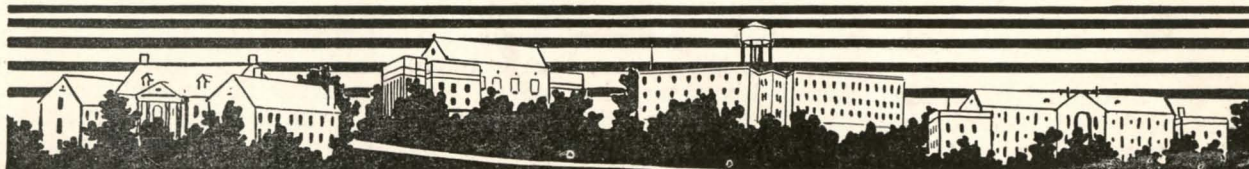
Out of ninety thousand women there will be eighty-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-four who will read this. The other six will be blind.

Once there was the Scotchman who was so close—that he got his face slapped.

And then there's the quite goofy story concerning a producer who wanted to hire an estimator. Two men applied for the job. "How much is two and two?" the producer asked the first man. The applicant hesitated. And finally said, uncertainly, "Well, I'll take a chance—the answer is 'four'."

When the second man was interviewed he answered without any hesitation at all, "Four!"

But the producer hired the first man. Do you know why? He was his brother-in-law!





# OIL AND WATER

BY

EDGAR A. RASSINIER

It all happened around the American Legation in Honolulu, seat of the Hawaiian Islands, back twenty years or so ago. That group of squat, compact, closely aligned buildings which, in those days, was often the setting for the only activity that took place in these sleepy islands.

And it was here that young O'Keefe, junior attache, held his first—and last—diplomatic post. He was a young man, tall and bronzed, wiry of figure and thoroughly interesting. So interesting, in fact, that he was escorted—on his arrival—to the post commandant's home by the entire bevy of beautiful embassy wives and daughters. Beautiful, that is, in the eyes of the senior attaches and the rest of the Legation staff. Still, their completely kaleidoscopic beauty was altogether lost on young O'Keefe.

Of course, he showed them the same diplomatic courtesies that he had lavished on that same type back in the States. The same methods of tactful flattering that had gained for him this much-coveted post. Yet, regardless of his apparent outward saiety and alertness, O'Keefe yearned. Yearned inwardly.

Actually, he was tired. Tired of the necessary suaveness of diplomatic parties. Wearied of embassy dinners; of formality; of all phases of current fashion. He wanted to find something new; something different. And isn't that what we all do when we tire of the same old monotonous humdrum of life? He sought for something new. And seeking, he found it.

Tiring one night of white tie and tails, he slipped off—to that square - cornered, vine - covered bungalow that was his to call home. He called for his house-boy, one of the two entitled him by rank. Ridding himself of those binding shackles of civilization . . . he wrapped a Turked towel around his lithe, energetic form and started walking.

He walked through his garden. A garden neglected. Neglected for want of time. Time that had been needlessly spent searching

old embassy files for uninteresting plantation owners, uneducated traders, supply-posts. He walked. And, as he walked, he felt more free. Freed of those unending bonds of civilization . . . Civilization, was it? A squirming, clothed bunch of organisms trying . . . all trying . . . trying endlessly and forever to outdo each other. Yes, that's civilization.

On and on he walked. Moon bathing his shoulders with warming mellow light. Salty breeze licking his bared back; bathing him with the very essence of life. Life! . . . And he reached the beach.

The sugary crystals of that white, sinewy strip melted beneath his toes. He walked . . . He tired . . . He lay down . . . He relaxed.

He looked listlessly out over the white-capped white-caps as they boomed in over the incoming sandbars to crash unceasingly on the beach. Far out lay an island. An island silhouetted against tropic moonlight. Moonlight warm, yet cold. Melloy, yet sharp. Moonlight silhouetting sharply serrated palm-fronds and softly flowing native maidens with all the equality of mathematical precision.

As O'Keefe's eyes followed this black-and-white panorama, they stopped. Completely halted by a breath-taking, unimaginable work of art. Van Gogh, with all his work in light and shadow, could never hope to even start on a work like this. For here, on this very beach, was a copper maiden. Did I say copper? . . . No! Not copper. Just the faint, dusky, undescribable shade of a native Hawaiian in the moonlight. A wraith-like sylph standing erect, beautiful. Beautiful without the paints and powder so necessary to civilized beauty. Simple and sweet . . . completely void of all knowledge of those complicated devices and intrigues that so entoil diplomatic lives.

It was here, then, that O'Keefe found his something new. . . . That something different that he sought. Here, bathed subtly by yellowing moonlight and the faint

fragrance of lei blossoms, he found an unpretending love—unetched and unscarred by the acid of supposed culture.

Here he began a romance that started every tongue on the islands to clack; became, without his knowledge, the object around which plot after thickening plot thickened.

He was envied and then pitied by his fellow-officers. He was scolded and then hated by their daughters and wives. . . . Hated outwardly, that is. Inwardly they yearned to take the place—even for a single hour—of that lovely native girl. He was warned by his superiors not to marry the girl—did he think for a minute that these two lives—fertilized and cultivated on two such entirely different strata—could form together as one and exist—until death? He was warned by the wives, the daughters and the nieces not to marry the girl—did he want to throw away, to completely destroy that brilliant, stellar career upon which he had only so recently embarked? Yet, apparently he did. So, he married the girl.

He took her to that little vine-covered cottage and crowned her queen. To him she was a queen. . . . But a queen must have her court. And so, he entertained. Lavishly!

At the first party the entire island was represented. Native bush-jacket caressed gold-braid. Brown skins and newly-tanned ones blended. Wine flowed. Music. The party grew and became slowly more rapid. Traders laughed boisterously; the Legation politely. And their feminine companions smiled . . . smiled throughout the evening. Were still smiling as they left. Left never to return. Left to begin a vast campaign against O'Keefe and his wife. Snubbing them. Envy-ing them. Hating them.

That was the first and the beginning of the last, party. The attendance at that first party was from sheer politeness. The suave courtesy of diplomacy. From then on, the attendance remained about the same . . . but the level from which it came shifted. Yes, the





PRINCE ALBERT'S  
NO-RISK OFFER  
SAYS: 'MELLOWEST,  
TASTIEST.' AND,  
MAN, I SOON SAID  
THE SAME—  
AND HOW!

**STEP RIGHT UP. HERE'S  
THE GOOD WORD ON P. A.**

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, North Carolina

**PRINCE  
ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL  
JOY SMOKE



**SO  
MILD!**

**50**

pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

queen had had her court that first night. Ambassadors and fools had fawned and courted her mere fancy. But now! Her court had changed.

Before—she merely sat upon her throne before the eyes of man and women alike. Before the humble and the haughty. Before the poor and the not-so-poor. But now her court was a world in which she was an active part. A court that knew her well; yet still worshipped at her feet.

The gold braid had been exchanged for leis; the ample cor-sages for solitary jasmine blossoms. Blossoms alone on a lone woman. Alone; yet queen. And wasn't that what O'Keefe wanted?

Well, he wanted her to be queen—but he had really wanted his queen to be adored by all—not by just that one, set group. And who doesn't? He had wanted her to be accepted . . . not just as his wife . . . but as herself; as a member of that tiny little group of Legation staff. But no! They scorned her. They ridiculed her—and him—behind closed doors. They refused his repeated in-

vitations . . . politely, but with increasing firmness. So he stopped tendering them. His life changed.

In the daytime he completed his tasks at the Embassy . . . alone. At night he watched and adored. Adored her, surrounded by natives and beach-combers. Friends—who came to drink his wine and to worship his wife. So he accepted them. Watched them as their eyes licked greedily over her lithesome form as she gave herself to the dance. Those native dances of Hawaii. Watched their very motions as they made obeisance to her clever and sparkling wit. Watched these men-in-the-raw as they paid to woman the highest compliment of which they can conceive. A compliment not founded on that respect which is based solely on remoteness. But the one compliment without which woman becomes stale. That compliment founded on that primitive, basic, uncultured urge—desire.

Yet, even as he watched this strange, one-sided affinity; this continued play after thwarted play . . . he didn't worry. For he

trusted her . . . implicitly. Perhaps too implicitly.

Anyway, that's what those canny old, lynx-eyed traders would tell him. Repeatedly they warned him. After all, she was little more than animal! She had none of the education that supposedly makes for civilization . . . and culture. Wouldn't flattery soon turn her head? Wouldn't there be just that one occasion on which she would forget? Forget that tie that binds? Supposedly binds man and wife together forever . . . and a day. Yes, they warned him. But he only laughed. Heartily. No, no! For he trusted her. Implicitly.

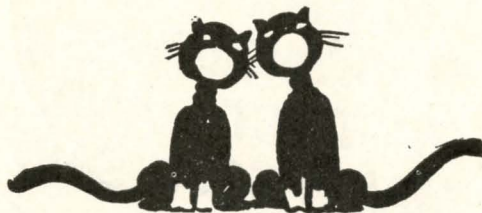
And in this mutual—or semi-mutual—trust, he went on. Working. Hurrying through each day that he might return once more to his self-made palace at night. Life began to steady. He had readjusted himself to the Staff. The Staff had readjusted itself to him . . . and to her. Readjusted; not accepted. So, life became more smooth. It flowed on and on until . . .

(Continued on Page 5)



# Sing A Song At Our Expense

*Instead Of "Sing A Song Of Sixpence"*



## I MUST WRITE ANOTHER POEM

I must write another poem.  
There's so much un-written song  
That the world will soon be  
needing;  
I must push my pen along.

There's so many lovely titles  
Needing lovely words to match;  
At my heart the muse is knock-  
ing.  
I must hasten to the latch.

There's so many groping blindly  
In the garden of life's beauty;  
And I seek to leave behind me  
Lines to show I did my duty.

There's so much of sin and sorrow  
In this life that mortals feel,  
When just one song might help  
them  
And cause their hearts to heal.

There's so many heavy burdens  
That my fellow men must bear;  
And without the hope of Heaven,  
They might falter anywhere.

As I pass along life's highway,  
Fellow creatures at each bend  
Tramp in ragged caravans,  
Each looking for a friend.

And no ease of pain nor taking  
Soothes the rabid wrath of time.  
Like the sound of happy singing  
Or a snatch of verse and rhyme.

So it is to help some other  
That I push my pen along.  
Just in passing a small token  
This bit of verse and song.

Here's to you, whoever you are;  
I hope your life is sweet.  
And though parted regard each  
other,  
And be friends if we ever meet.  
I'll go my way, do the best I can,  
And want you to help me try  
To shed just a little more sun-  
shine

As life's sombre days go by.  
Let us bring a little more mercy  
Into life's storm rocked sea;  
I'll help throw a line and pull you,  
And pray you do as much for  
me.

## FINGER WAVES

Hitch-hikers find more use for  
thumbs  
Than anyone supposes;  
In fact, when they're refused a  
lift  
They use them on their noses.

## LETTER PERFECT

Brightly shining are her iiiiii,  
Manners sweet with gentle eeeeeee,  
Soul so pure and wondrous  
yyyyyy,  
Busy as the bumble bbbbbb;  
I recognize these urging qqqqqq,  
Her in my arms once more to  
ccccccc,  
And lips divine again to uuuuuu,  
And breathe in rapture, "Holy  
gggggg!"

## THIN CHANCES

Hundreds each morning I be-  
hold  
Along the highways stalking;  
Many are walking to reduce,  
More are reduced to walking.

## THE LAZY POET TO HIS LOVE

You are a wonderful  
Marvelous gal,  
Ditto, et cetera  
And so forth et al.

## COFFIN NAILS

Love is like a cigarette,  
It soothes and never clashes,  
So glowingly it burns; and yet  
It quickly turns to ashes.

## CLOTHES HORSE SENSE

On clothes I spend my legal ten-  
der;  
Because this truth I've found,  
A dress can make a girl look  
slender  
And a hundred men look 'round.

## BLISS IN DISGUISE

What a bliss life brings to us.  
Very often in disguise.  
Our valleys turn to hill tops  
Before our very eyes.  
The hazards we think dangerous  
Appear as harmless doves;  
And savage scenes so often  
Turns as mellow as old loves.

In our battles when defeated  
And we think the victory lost,  
It is then we pay the farthing  
And the uttermost of cost.  
And if we could only vision,  
All our loss would turn to gain;  
And the chaff we thought worth  
burning  
Would turn to golden grain.

So it is in life's terse battles;  
In all it's work and grind.  
The things we called our losses,  
Would have been but chaff of  
mind.  
And the things we really wanted,  
They have swiftly passed away.  
So it is the grain don't vanish,  
We shall garner it some day.

## TOUGH

Love is silly, love is sad,  
Love is futile, love is mad,  
Love's a sorrow, love's a curse,  
But not to be in love is worse!

## HOLY LIGHT

Tarry with me through the nite  
For the shadows wear a frown;  
Shine around me holy lite  
'Till the path again is found.

Let thy radiant beam uphold me,  
While I seek that I have lost.  
From my bondage set me free,  
After I have paid the cost.

Let me find again my treasure,  
That which broke my heart to  
lose.  
Let my pennance meet thy  
pleasure  
In the way that I would choose.



## LOOK OUT! SHE'S THE "WILD WOMAN"



**ONE WHIFF** of that workman's smelly briar, and Borneo Bess went on a rampage! Hey, you—clean your pipe and smoke a mild tobacco that smells good!



**AFTER THEY** quieted Bess, they made it a permanent peace by refilling the offending briar with a sweet-tastin', grand-smellin' burley blend: Sir Walter Raleigh!

**IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS**



**PREFERRED BY COLLEGE MEN.** In a recent survey by Self-Help Bureau of 25 representative universities, students rated Sir Walter Raleigh first or second out of 66 competing pipe tobaccos at a majority of these colleges.

**NEW RADIO PROGRAM:** Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," 10:30 EDT Tues. nights, NBC Red Network.

(Continued from Page 3)

One day O'Keefe came early to his desk. Worked all day without an unnecessary word. Worked furiously as if under some unseen strain. And hurried off that afternoon for home. That night no sound of music came from the little vine-covered bungalow. No laughter. Just silence. And that silence fell over the colony with the ear-crashing deafening of the silence after bombardment. Neighbors wandering by wondered . . . and queried. Why? What? When? . . . Aha, that's it! . . . Who? . . . That was it! And so they watched. And talked. And gossiped. And once they asked O'Keefe. But never again. That one innocent question had started a maelstrom. He became wild-eyed. He sputtered. He shouted! All those emotions that he had stored up . . . had concealed . . . came out. All those old scars split open and venom poured out . . . freely. So they never asked him again. They just gossiped. And the gossips, as gossips will, built up the story.

The story of how the girl had broken. Broken under the strain of their snubbing. Broken under the strain of too-frequent parties; of too much wine. And broken—she had fled. Why, the tale came back one day of someone—none could remember just who—who had seen her one day on a neighboring island. Freed once more . . . back in her old habitat.

When this tale had made the rounds, the plotting began again. And with renewed vigor. But they failed. They all failed. O'Keefe was shattered, smashed. Finally, they pitied him. For, was he not to be pitied? Had he not lost everything for which he had sacrificed so much? Yes—pitiful, wasn't it?

Still, with all their pity, they wondered? Were all these stories really true? . . . Or were they just fabrications so essential to really spicy gossip. They wondered. With increasing wonder.

One night a little bunch had gathered just across the way from O'Keefe's palatial remnants. Gathered on that neighbor's veranda just to wonder together . . . and to watch. And, it's peculiar why the Fates had picked this particular time and place for them to do their wondering. But the Fates work in a peculiar fashion. So . . . it

placed them all right there. Right there where they could watch the greying O'Keefe as he plodded wearily home; turned listlessly in at the gate; stepped wearily onto his porch. Disappeared.

And they wondered just how a man could change so much in such a short time. And they wondered just where his adored . . . and adorable, she was gone now . . . wife was. And they wondered just how long it would be until they found out the complete details of the whole affair. How long it would be before the affair became just one more anecdote to be told at a . . .

A sharp report rang out! Could it be . . . ! It was! The men came to their feet running. Running to O'Keefe's little plot of land. Running up his littered walk . . . onto his porch . . . into his rooms. And they stopped . . . short. Aghast!

There beside the bed lay O'Keefe; automatic still smoking . . . blood still spurting slowly through that greyed brow. Their eyes raised. Raised to the form on the bed. Raised to find the answer to all their questioning queries.

There, on the bed, lay the girl . . . cold and stiff . . . mangled and completely torn—by leprosy!

The End

"Now there's nothing in the world too difficult to overcome."

"Have you ever tried squeezing shaving cream back into the tube?"

Cop: "Where's the fire?"

Motorist: "I was hurrying to town to see my lawyer."

Cop: "Well, you'll have some more news for him."

"Hic."

"Hic!"

"Don't talk back to me!"

It's a wise father who knows as much as his own daughter.

Baseball:—A game in which the young man who bravely strikes out for himself receives no praise for it.

Once there was a man who was so self-reliant that when he was a baby he walked the floor by himself.



*Good Food  
is  
Good Health*

**Just Good  
Food**

**GOODIE  
GARDEN**

13th At College

"If your hair isn't becoming  
you should be coming to us."



EXPERIENCED  
OPERATORS

**Estelle Beauty  
Salon**

Next Door to C. D. S. No. 6

**Phone 131**

When a doctor makes a mistake  
it's often a grave error.

"Say, what's the best way to  
teach a girl to swim?"

"That's a cinch. First you put  
your left arm under her waist  
and you gently take her left hand  
and—"

"But this girl's my sister."

"Aw, push her off the dock."

Our editor tells of a couple who  
fed their baby garlic—so they  
could find it in the dark.

Wife: "Oh, I'm so sleepy. Is  
everything shut up for the night?"

Husband: "That depends on you  
—everything else is."

Married couples often have  
words—but only the wife uses  
them.

Love is the only game that is  
never postponed on account of  
darkness.

An elderly Scotchman went to  
a rejuvenating doctor and asked,  
"Can you make me eighteen years  
old once more?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but it  
will cost you \$10,000.

"Go ahead! Damn the ex-  
pense!" said the Scotchman.

Six months later the rejuve-  
nating doctor called for his money.

"You can't collect," said the  
Scotchman. "I'm under age; and  
if you say I'm not I'll sue you  
for fraud."

A poet must have imagination.  
He must imagine people are going  
to read his poems.

"It was really a toss-up this  
morning whether I played golf  
or went to church."

"Really?"

"Yes, and I had to toss fifteen  
times before I got golf."

#### FISH

Husband: "We had a drinking  
contest at the club today, dear."

Wife: "Who won second prize?"

A tobacco warehouse in a Scot-  
tish town caught fire a few weeks  
ago. There was a large crowd  
of inhalers.

A husband is only a bachelor  
whose luck finally failed.

## FOR THE GRADUATE



**Are you puzzled  
about what to  
give?**

**We have a hund-  
red and one an-  
swers to the  
"GRADUATION  
GIFT"  
problem.**

**OUR PRICES ARE  
RIGHT**

Watches	Clocks
Lighter Sets	Diamonds
Crosses	Compacts
Fountain Pens	Cameos

**You Are Sure to  
Find What You  
Want**

—at—

**MORRIS JEWELRY  
STORE**

409 Main St.



Kissing a girl just because she expects you to is like scratching a place that doesn't itch.

Drug Clerk: "Oh, sir, there's a Scotchman out there who wants to buy ten cents worth of poison to commit suicide. How can I save him?"

Boss: "Tell him it'll cost twenty cents."

"You stand too close to the ball when you hit it."

"And after I hit it."

The automobile always beats the train to the crossing, barring accidents.

Warden: "What made you beat up your cell-mate?"

Convict: "He did a dirty trick."

Warden: "What was it?"

Convict: "He tore a leaf off the calendar when he knew it was my turn."

Doctor (after accident): "Is there a woman here with old fashioned ideas?"

Crowd: "Why?"

Doctor: "Because I need a petticoat to make some bandages."

Diner: "Give me a piece of that huckleberry pie."

Waiter: "That ain't huckleberry pie—Shoo! Shoo!"

She: "Oh, how dirty those football players are getting!"

He: "Well, what do you think we have a scrub team for?"

"How long can a man stay under water?"

"Oh, about two minutes."

"Then Jerry's made a record. He's been under for twenty."

On the beach a good coat of tan can be had for the basking.

Mental Specialist: "And that habit of talking to yourself—that's really nothing to worry about."

Patient: "Perhaps not. But I'm such a damned bore."

Sunday School Teacher: "Now, Chester, if your mother gave you a large apple and a small apple, and told you to divide with your brother, which would you give him?"

Pupil: "Do you mean my big brother or my little one?"

Director: "The lion will pursue you for a hundred yards—no farther. Do you understand?"

Actor: "I understand—but does the lion?"

One reason women play bridge is to have something to think about while they talk.

Leading up to kissing a girl the first time is a matter of tact; the first kiss is a matter of pact; the second is a matter of act; and the rest of the kisses are matter-of-fact.

Teacher: "Frank, what is a murderer?"

Pupil: "I don't know."

Teacher: "Well, if you killed your father and mother, what would you be?"

Pupil: "An orphan."

You can't kiss a girl unexpectedly. The best you can do is kiss her sooner than she thought you would.

A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said, "We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Brown, will you lead."

Deacon Brown sleepily replied, "Lead, hell, I just dealt."

The prim old lady was given the first glass of beer she ever had. After sipping it for a moment she looked up with a puzzled air.

"How odd!" she murmured. "It tastes just like the medicine my husband has been taking for the last twelve years."

## GIFTS FOR THE GRADUATE

• • •

CANDY

PERFUME

TOILET SETS

And Many Others

• •

"A GOOD DRUG STORE"

**Callis Drug Co.**

936 State St.

Phone 6

**The Freshest....**

AND MOST

**Complete Selection**

OF

**Fruits and Vegetables**

IN TOWN

**CALIFORNIA FRUIT STORE**

Main St. Below R. R. Tracks

"Bowling Green's Fruit and Vegetable Store"

## LET US CLEAN AND PRESS YOUR CLOTHES FOR GRADUATION TIME

SUITS OR DRESSES 50c

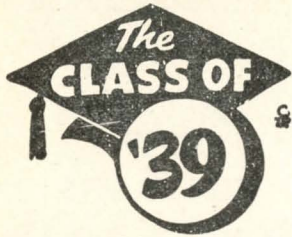
EVENING DRESSES 85c

**ECONOMY**  
Cleaners and Dyers

3½ BLOCKS FROM B. U.  
3 BLOCKS FROM WESTERN



# ALL HAIL



## GIVE THE GRADUATE



### A Box of Our Delicious Candy

Whitman's  
Joan Manning  
Mrs. Steven's  
Home Made

PRICES FROM 50c UP

at  
**C. D. S. Drug Store  
No. 1**

H. W. SUBLETT, Mgr.  
401 Park Row Phone 61-62

**C. D. S. Drug Store  
No. 2**

W. E. PAYNE, Mgr.  
901 College Phone 123

**C. D. S. Drug Store  
No. 4**

M. A. VAUGHN, Mgr.  
10th and State Phone 85

**C. D. S. Drug Store  
No. 6**

LEICHHARDT BROS., Mgrs.  
State & Main Phone 180-277

### SWEET ADELINE!

Three drunks entered a restaurant and set down:

Waiter—What can I do for you?

1st Stew—I want apple pie.

2nd Ditto—I want cherry pie.

3rd Etc.—Give me pineapple.

2nd ½-Wit—Have you chocolate ice cream?

Waiter—Yes.

2nd Stooze—O.K., I'll have mine without chocolate ice cream.

3rd Imbiber—Do you have strawberry ice cream?

Waiter—No, I'm sorry. Would you like it without some other kind?

3rd Base—Cancel the order! If I can't have my pie without strawberry ice cream, then I won't eat it!

### GRANDPAPPY

Grandpappy Morgan, a hillybilly of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime. Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Yep."

"Wal, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Can't."

"Why can't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

### AMUSING

A salesman was passing through a small town and had several hours to while away. Seeing one of the natives, he inquired, "Any picture show in town, my friend?"

"Nope; nary a one, stranger," was the answer.

"Any pool room or bowling alley?"

"None of them either," came the reply.

"What form of amusement have you here?" asked the salesman.

"Waal, come on down to the drug store. Thar's a Freshman home from the university."

### LESSON

"All right, honey, name a state capital."

"Two bucks."

"Huh?"

"Sure, that is the capital for the state of matrimony."

## LOOK YOUR BEST DURING

COMMENCEMENT  
WEEK.

THE BEST OF  
SERVICE IS  
OUR GOAL

### One-Day Service On Request

## PHONE 877 BAND BOX CLEANERS

220 13th St.

### Buy Your Shampoo

● OIL ● TONICS ● CREAMS  
● LOTIONS

### At The STUDENT'S BARBER SHOP

1503 Center Byron Shaw, Prop.

### Look Your Best For Less

SHAMPOO AND  
HAIR DRESS 50c

PHONE 265

Permanents \$2.50 and up

### MRS. WILSON'S BEAUTY SHOP

MRS. IRENE WILSON, Prop.  
924½ State St.



## FOR GRADUATION GIFTS

WE HAVE ALL KINDS OF  
BEAUTIFUL JEWELRY  
TO CHOOSE FROM  
PRICED RIGHT

COMPACTS      LOCKETS  
WATCH CHAINRINGS  
DIAMONDS      WATCHES  
LIGHTERS      CROSSES

RELIABLE      RESPONSIBLE

# R.L. KENNEDY & SON

306 Main Street  
Across from Mansard Hotel

## GUARANTEED

WASHING AND  
LUBRICATION SERVICE

## Linco Service Station

A. J. Rather, Prop.

## HAIR CUTS

STYLED TO SUIT YOU.  
OUR BARBERS ARE EXP-  
ERTS AT PLEASING YOU.



# WRIGHT'S BARBER SHOP

939 College Street

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN AT COLEGE

From our college distionary of  
slang:

Angel factory — a theological  
seminary.

Apple polisher—a student who  
stands well with his teachers.

Alarm clock—chaperone (also  
fire extinguisher).

Bag-date—(fem.)

Bagdaddy—an escort to a social  
function.

Bell polisher—a caller who ling-  
ers after a visit.

Bird cage—a dormitory for  
girls.

Blitz—to absent oneself from  
class.

Calorific mama—a girl with lots  
of sex appeal.

Cellar gang—girls who seldom,  
if ever, have dates.

Cement mixer—a poor dancer.

Chief itch and rub—the college  
president, any important person.

Coffin nail—cigarette.

D.A.R.—Damned Average Rais-  
er.

Dean's formal — a conference  
with the dean.

Fall on the ball—begin study-  
ing.

Forget Together—teachers meet-  
ing.

Heiferette—a girl.

Holaholy—a non-kisser.

Mad money—money a girl takes  
on a date.

Punch the time clock—to have  
a date.

If you don't like these make up  
your own!

She came to her husband in  
tears and managed to say "Y-y-y-  
your m-mother has insulted me."

After calming her, he exclaim-  
ed: "How could she? She's in  
Chicago!"

"Well, she is, but today a letter  
came to you in her hand-writing  
so I opened it and—

"Yes," sternly.

"An-and she wrote at the b-b-  
bottom: 'Dear Mary, be sure to  
show this to George.'"

Oh, these freshmen! The fol-  
lowing was found on a freshman's  
registration car:

Question — Give your parents  
name.

Answer—Mama and papa.

"Mmmm, but that popcorn has  
a heavenly smell!" she exclaimed  
as they drove past the stand.

"Hasn't it?" he agreed. "I'll  
drive a little closer."



## HUNGRY



WE ARE "SPECIALISTS"  
in preparing good food the  
way you like it.

- PLATE LUNCHES
- STEAKS
- SANDWICHES

### MEAL TICKETS

\$5.50 For .....\$5.00  
\$2.75 For .....\$2.50

"If We Haven't Got It,  
We'll Get It"

## COLLEGE INN

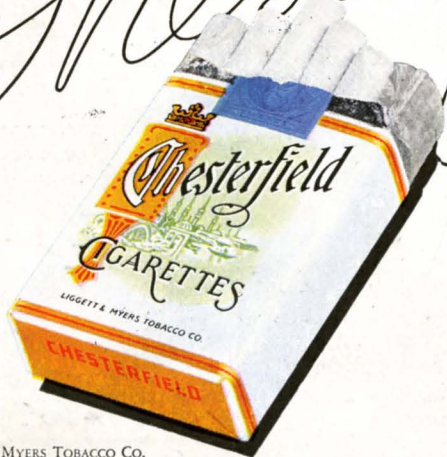
R. B. PARSLEY, Prop.





Chesterfield

... the catch of the season  
for more smoking pleasure



In every part of the country  
smokers are turning to Chesterfields  
for what they really want in a cigarette...*refreshing mildness...better taste  
...and a more pleasing aroma.*